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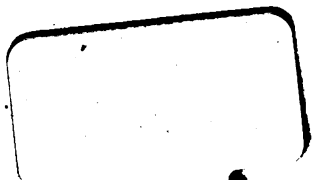
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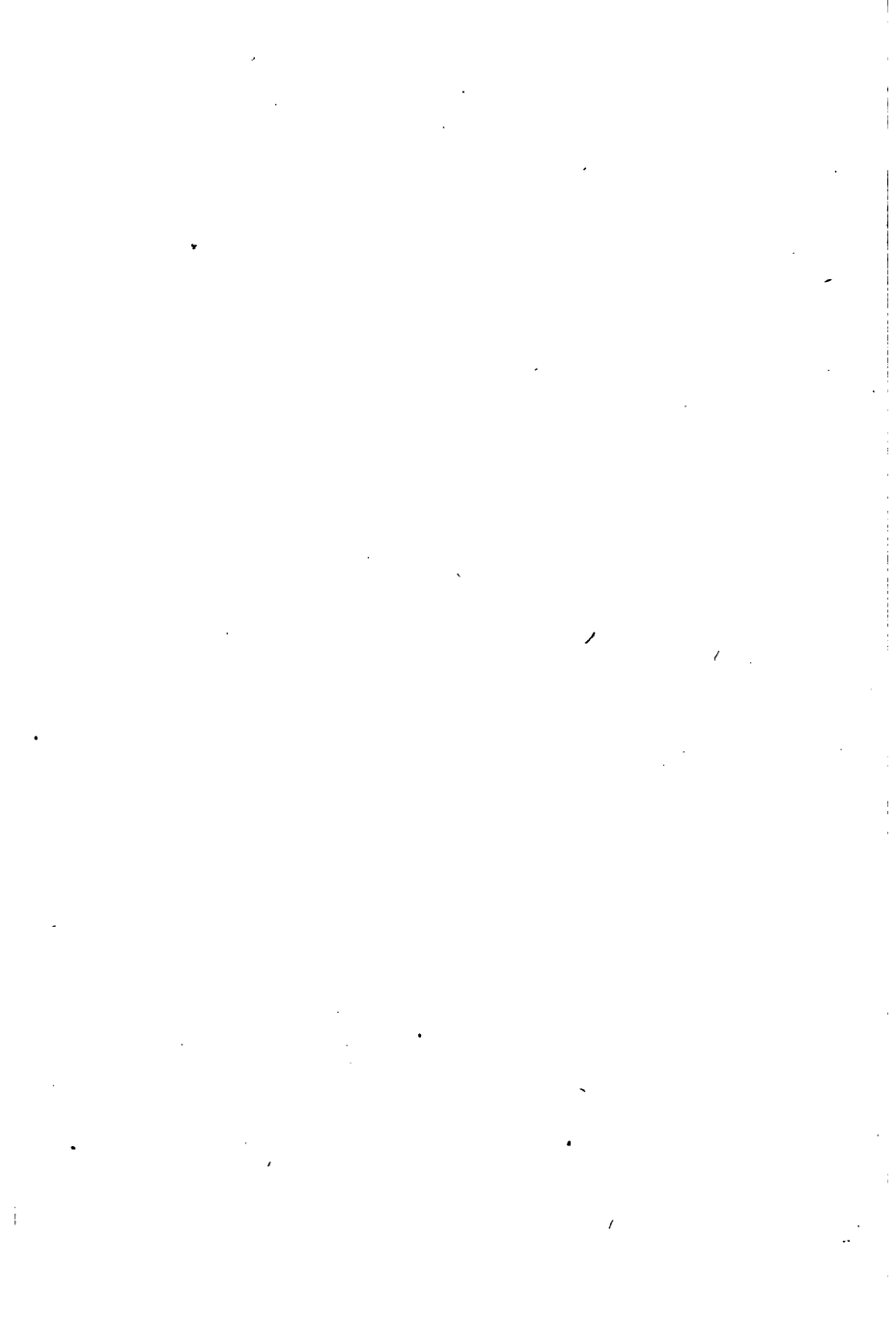
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Songs of Sunrise
Denis A. McCarthy

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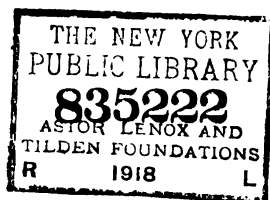


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**TO ALL WHO ARE LOOKING
TOWARD THE LIGHT**

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VIA TEL.

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SONGS OF SUNRISE

SONGS OF SUNRISE



Songs of Sunrise

SONGS of sunrise, songs of cheer,
Songs for souls in sorrow groping,
Songs to free the heart of fear,
Songs to help us keep on hoping.

Songs of life and songs of love,
Songs of happier days hereafter,
Gladsome songs to melt and move
Minds of gloom to light and laughter.

Songs of trust and songs of faith,
Songs of strength and self-reliance,
Songs of those who looked on death
With serene, sublime defiance.

Darkness o'er the world is spread,
But the stars will one by one rise,
And the east will soon be red —
Let us sing the songs of sunrise!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The Freedom-Lovers

NOW, may God shield the men who wield
A sword in freedom's cause,
And make them strong to smite the wrong
That lives in tyrant laws.
The world may hiss their names, and kiss
The mailed hand of might,
But, scorn or scathe, we keep our faith
In those who love the right !

Now, may God bless the men who press
With words that rouse and ring,
The people's claims, the people's aims
'Gainst kaiser, lord, and king.
Whate'er their race, whate'er their place,
Whate'er their creed or clan,
God bless and shield in town and field
The men who fight for man !

SONGS OF SUNRISE

When the People Wake

O EMPERORS, kings and kaisers !
 O nobles and knights and peers !
Is this the end of your leading,
 This jumble of blood and tears ?
We gave you the reins to guide us,
 We trusted your power to plan —
Is this the test of your ruling,
 This murder of man by man ?
We dreamed of a world grown wiser,
 We thought that the day was here
When peace from the earth would banish
 The ghost of an ancient fear ;
But vain was the faith we leaned on,
 And false was the hope we had, —
Lo, here is the same old slaughter,
 And here is the world gone mad !

O emperors, kings and kaisers,
 Your hour is approaching fast !
The web of your fate is woven,
 The die of your doom is cast.
Too long at the game of glory

SONGS OF SUNRISE

As pawns you have used our sons,
Too long you have mocked and made them
The food of your hungry guns.
There's blood on your smooth white faces,
There's blood on your soft white hands,
There's blood-stained gold in your coffers,
The price of our lives and lands.
We're tired of your crimes and blunders,
We're tired of your rule and rod,
And the wrath of a wakened people
Can smite like the wrath of God!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Time and the People

(Written on viewing a ruined feudal castle.)

STRONGHOLD of a bygone day,
Fortress of a fallen pride,
Once a people owned thy sway
Over all the countryside.
Once the robbed and ruined kern
Saw thee lift thy head abhorr'd,
Cursing in his heart the stern
Spirit of thy stranger-lord.

Many a sweating peasant piled
Stone on stone to raise thy walls;
Many a mother saw her child
Chained among thy hapless thralls;
Many a village maiden wept,
Vainly, as they dragged her in
To thy courts wherein were kept
Shameless festivals of sin.

But the years have onward rolled —
Now thy roof's the arching sky;
No one hates thee as of old,
No one shudders passing by.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Mothers of Sorrows

TRAMPING, tramping, tramping, tramping,
Down the street the soldiers come,
Marching onward to the bugle,
Marching onward to the drum.
Down they come, and there among them
Is a little lad I know —
Or at least he once was little,
But alas, he had to grow;
Had to grow from youth to manhood,
Fine and handsome, face and limb,
But the country needed soldiers,
Just the very like of him.
So, he's marching with the others
That they're sending to the front,
That they're sending off to Flanders
There to bear the battle's brunt.
And I'm frantic at his going,
And I don't know what to do —
But, O Blessed Virgin Mother,
I'll be trusting him to you!

Tramping, tramping, tramping, tramping,
Though I lived a thousand years,

SONGS OF SUNRISE

I could never shut those footsteps`
From my tired and tortured ears.
And whene'er I hear the bugle,
Let it ne'er so gaily play,
'Twill be mingled in my mem'ry
With my sorrow of to-day.
For my sorrow is the keenest
That the world has ever known;
'Tis the sorrow of all mothers
Who are widowed and alone.
But, O Mother of all mothers,
Mary, Queen of earth and heaven,
You whose heart for love of Jesus
Felt the wound of sorrows seven —
See, I'm turning in my sorrow
Unto one who sorrows knew,
And my little boy, O Mother,
I'll be trusting him to you!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

A Dream of Christmas Bells

"**B**ELLS of Christmas, bells of Christmas,"
Dreaming, thus I made my cry
Where a belfry raised its turrets
Dark and mute against the sky.
"Is not this," I said, "the season
Deeply dear to hearts of men,
When the world is wont to welcome
Jesus to His own again?"

"Then, O bells, O bells of Christmas,
Wherefore silent? Why withhold
All the merry Christmas clamor
That you made for us of old?
Swing and ring, and rouse the people,
Maid and matron, man and boy;
For 'twill never seem like Christmas
If they miss your notes of joy."

But methought the bells made answer,
"Nay; no more our notes may ring
Till the world has grown more worthy
Of the blessed news we bring,

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Till the hearts of men more truly
Own the sway of Him who came
That the world might be united
For His sake and in His name."

And methought the bells made answer :
"Look abroad upon the world ;
See the carillons of Europe
From their holy places hurled.
Through the ages fell their message
From their belfries dark and high ;
Now in common wreck and ruin
Bell and belfry shattered lie.

"Mourn we then, we bells, in silence
For our silent sister chimes ;
And we'll sound no Christmas anthem
Till in better, happier times
Every tribe and every nation
Will from bloodshed seek release
In the ranks of truth and justice
Underneath the flag of peace.

"Till that day no more at Christmas
In our belfries shall we swing ;
Nevermore to all the people
Joyful tidings shall we bring ;

SONGS OF SUNRISE

But in mute appeal protesting
We shall stand against the wrong,
'Gainst the bitterness and blood-lust
That have stained the world so long."

Then I woke in desolation,
But upon my waking ear
Fell the sound of church bells chiming
Happy chimes to childhood dear.
And I knew I had been dreaming,—
But I often thought that day
Of the ruined shrines of Europe
And of belfries far away.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Bunker Hill, 1775-1917

HERE on this sod,
Now consecrate for aye to Freedom's God,
One glorious day
An earthen barrier balked a tyrant's way;
Here on this ground
The soldiers of a despot fought, and found
That victory's cost
Might mean a nation born, an empire lost!

Up from their boats,
The June sun blazing on their scarlet coats,
The king's men come
With trilling trumpet and with rolling drum.
Little they fear
Their former foemen on the hilltop here.
In lands afar,
From foes well versèd in the art of war,
They've wrested oft
The victor's palm. Upon their flags aloft
Is many a name
Of foreign fields that echo to their fame;

SONGS OF SUNRISE

So what care they
For rebel colonists in rude array?

With hoarse commands
Their captains marshal them in glittering bands;
Their sabres clash
As lightly from the shining sheath they flash;
The sunbeams glance
On glinting bay'net and on plumes that dance.
With stately tread
On, on, they come in ranks of royal red,
Adept, adorned
For battle's brunt, as men whose souls had scorned
A hint, a breath,
A thought of danger, or a fear of death.

But what of those,
Their poor, derided patriot-farmer foes?
Why, why so still
The homespun ranks intrenched upon the hill?
Has Britain's power
O'erawed and chilled them in this fateful hour?
And bade them pause
Ere yet they strike a blow for Freedom's cause?

Not so, not so —
No terrors hath for them this gaudy show!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

They've flung aside
All fear today of England's martial pride.
No tremors run
Through any patriot hand that holds a gun,
But steady, sure,
With patient courage potent to endure,
They wait until
That long, imposing line has climbed the hill;
Until they note
The gold insignia on each captain's coat —
Nay, till they spy
The very color of the foeman's eye.
Then, then, they aim,
Then, then, the breastwork belches fire and flame,
Then, then, they show
How swift and deadly is the freeman's blow!

Confused and mazed,
The men disordered and the leaders dazed,
The British stand
While stricken comrades fall on every hand.
They little deemed
Such stout resistance waited them, or dreamed
That from the share
Could spring such men as those who faced them
there.
With curse and cry,

SONGS OF SUNRISE

To urge them forward their commanders try;
"Alas! What shame,
What blot upon the army's honored name,
If we retire
Defeated by the rebel-rustics' fire!"
Thus, thus they plead,
Thus the remaining captains try to lead.
But all in vain;
They cannot rally, in that leaden rain.
In front and flank
A panic seizes them, till rank on rank
Goes reeling back —
And dire disaster ends the proud attack!

But see — they form
Again, the stubborn battlement to storm;
Again they come
With trilling trumpet and with rolling drum;
Albeit their tread
Is now o'er many a gallant comrade dead.
But what avails
Their desperate courage? — for again it fails.
Yes, once again
The patriots reserve their fire, and then
With deadly aim
Drive back the British faster than they
came!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Now cheers ring out
From those within that bravely held redoubt,
Who joy to see
The boasted British regulars turn and flee
Before the guns
Of farmer-freemen and their stalwart sons!

But even now
While victory's flush illumines every brow,
A bitter word
Along the line of patriots is heard:
"There's not a grain
Of powder left to blow them back again
Should they once more
Attempt what they have failed in twice before!"

E'en as they say,
The British drums again begin to play,
And from the throat
Of brazen bugles blows the rallying note;
And once again,
Though beaten backward twice, King George's men,
Determined still,
Begin the third attack upon the hill!

Now, who shall save
The patriot band — so few, but oh, so brave!
Their powder gone,

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Will they still dare the British coming on?
No braver stand
Than theirs was made by troops in any land;
So let them go
Unbeaten still before the advancing foe.

“Retreat, retreat!”
The order rings — but still they stay to meet
The scarlet swarm
That now the works from every quarter storm;
And hand to hand,
With naked bay’net, musket-butt and brand,
The foe they face,
Reluctantly retiring pace by pace.
Not theirs to yield —
But fighting, fighting still, they leave the field!

Here on this hill
The men who dared to die are honored still.
This storied mound
Now sweet with verdure, calm and column-crowned,
Beholds each day
The patriot-pilgrim from the far-away,
Who comes to view
The place where Prescott and his comrades true,
In desperate fight
Thrust back a tyrant’s soldiers in their might.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Here old and young,
Americans of every race and tongue,
Come day by day,
The tribute of their reverence to pay
To those who stood
For right, for justice, and for nationhood!

So may it be
Forever. We're unworthy to be free
The day we let
Our sordid souls the glorious past forget;
The day our eyes
In wealth and pleasure see the highest prize;
Yea, traitors we
Unto our heritage of liberty,
The day we know
No stir of generous feeling, and no glow
At names that thrill
All patriot hearts today at Bunker Hill!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Land of Our Hearts¹

LAND of our hearts, while thy flag floats before us,
Symbol of Liberty on land or on sea,
Proudly we'll sing and in one mighty chorus
Tell all our love, O Columbia, to thee!

Land of our hearts, O Columbia, we hail thee,
Fair land of freedom, 'tis to thee we'll be true;
Dangers may come, but we never will fail thee,
Still we'll be loyal to the red, white and blue.

¹ Written for the military march-song "The Columbian",
music by H. Theo. Gilday.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

A Singer of Beauty

THE poets of power and of passion
Are leaders and lords in the van ;
They rouse us to forge and to fashion,
They help us to plot and to plan ;
Oh, they are the strong ones, the smiters,
The prophets and seers of wrath,
Who summon the swords of the fighters
To clear for our progress a path.

But what shall be said of the singer
Whose song has no purpose or plan ?
The bard who is only a bringer
Of joy to the spirit of man ?
Shall he be despised and neglected
As useless or vicious or vain ?
Shall he be rebuked or rejected
And silenced with scorn and disdain ?

Ah no — let him sing ! Let him fling us
His song without purpose or art ;
The lark into deeds does not sting us,
And yet is he dear to the heart.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

All praise to the poets of duty
Who rouse us to wrestle with wrong,
But here's to the singer of beauty
And here's to the lilt of his song!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The Halls of the Heart

THE sweet-scented meadow, the blue-tinted sky,
They do not desert us when summer goes by,
For all through the winter, though summer depart,
Their pictures are hung in the halls of the heart.

The darker the day, and the sadder the mood,
The brighter the mem'ries of mountain and wood,
And worried and wearied in mill or in mart,
We turn with relief to the halls of the heart.

The sweet loving smile and the bright beaming eye,
They stay with us still though our darlings may die,
For love and remembrance with magical art
Still picture them forth in the halls of the heart.

Then face we the future howe'er it may frown,
Though sorrows like snows of the winter come down.
The joys of the past of our lives are a part,
We keep them for aye in the halls of the heart !

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Forward, March!

WHEN luck is bad and the world seems sad,
And your step's unsteady and slow;
When your shoulders droop with a weary stoop,
As if bowed with a weight of woe;
When fame seems farther than ever away,
And fortune is only a jilt,
Then think of a song as you walk along
And march to a lively lilt.

With a "hep, hep," as you onward step,
A magical change you'll find,
Your blood will flow and your cheek will glow
And your trouble will leave your mind.
For courage will spring in your heart again
And cowardice leave you soon,
If you forward step with a "hep, hep,"
To the time of a marching tune!

When grief and gloom in your heart have room,
And you neither can toil nor talk,
Then, forth, away, in the night or day
For the balm of a lonely walk.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The spirit that sits in your heart may be
With many another allied,
But they won't stay long for the ring of a song
And the swing of a marching stride.

With a "hep, hep," as you onward step,
Oh, this is a sovereign cure
For minds that mope in the dark and grope
In the mist of a mood obscure ;
The fiend of fear from your heart will fly
And courage replace him soon,
If you onward step with a "hep, hep,"
To the time of a marching tune !

SONGS OF SUNRISE

High Tide

EVENINGS in autumn when the tide was high
And made our little river seem a lake
(For out of its green bounds 'twould softly break
And broaden till it mirrored all the sky),
What pleasant walks together, you and I,
Beside the quiet wave were wont to take!
What talk was ours, in which there was no sigh
Save youth's impatience for the by-and-by!

Those eves in autumn! Thirty years or more
Have wrought their changes in the world since then,
And you and I will ne'er on earth again
So merge our souls in converse as of yore;
For you, long since, have passed unto that shore
Where tend at last the devious ways of men;
And till my spirit also passes o'er
It is on memories I needs must pore.

So now, on autumn evenings when the tide
Comes creeping in across the marshes low,
Its silent waters crimsoned with the glow
Of the last gleam of day's departing pride, —

SONGS OF SUNRISE

I think of other days when, side by side,
 We walked, and watched it wide and wider grow
And dreamed of fame like this outspreading wide,
Nor ever thought to have our dreams denied.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

A Mood of Remembrance

WHEN the winter's wildest weather
Whitens all the world with snow,
Then I dream of hills of heather
Purple in the sunset's glow ;
Then I dream of sylvan alleys
Newly wet with summer rains,
Silver streams in verdant valleys,
Shady woods and leafy lanes.

When the winter's grasp is tightest,
When it binds its fetters fast,
Then I dream of warmest, brightest,
Sweetest scenes of summer past ;
And one memory rises ever
Of a bygone summer day,
And a softly flowing river
In old Ireland far away.

On it flows, that river, singing
Under arches dark and old,
In its shining waters bringing
Riches rarer far than gold.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Many a humble home it passes,
Many a castle proud and strong,
In its wave the woods it glasses,
And the hill range lone and long.

Thus, when winter's reign is o'er me
In this land so strange and chill,
Mem'ry's magic brings before me
Many a heather-purpled hill ;
And when wildest tempests rally
Round their standard of the snows,
I can see the sun-loved valley
Where that Irish river flows.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The Minuet

HOW sweetly and how neatly unto that olden air,
The minuet she dances !

How blithely and how lithely she trips it here and
there,

Retires and then advances !

How stately and sedately she curtseys and she bows,

How queenly and serenely our homage she allows ;

How nicely and precisely the bolder beaux she crows,

And foils their ardent glances !

Oh, fair one, and oh, rare one, the minuet and you

Are sweet as old romances,

That fill men and that thrill men with dreams of
youth anew,

Of life and lofty chances ;

Of glory when the gory blades of battle saw the sun,

Of leisure and of pleasure when the stormy days
were done,

Of spacious life and gracious with some lady like
the one

That now divinely dances !

SONGS OF SUNRISE

To One Who Died in Winter

SINCE you are gone, how destitute the days
Of all that erewhile made them sweetly fair !
How sad is life, how wearisome its ways ! —
The golden fruit is fall'n, the trees are bare.
And that fond hope that led us like a light
No longer shines to lure our footsteps on ;
For all our hearts are sunk in sorrow's night —
Since you are gone !

Since you are gone, since o'er your grave the snow
Is drifting as the days of winter pass —
Our hearts that sang a little while ago
Are emptied of their joyous songs, alas !
For slowly, like your own sad funeral train,
The dreary days and nights go on and on,
And bring us no forgetfulness of pain —
Since you are gone !

But no ; not so — we must not think the pall
Can hide your face forever from our eyes ;
We too shall answer to the Father's call
And, through His mercy, walk in Paradise.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

A little while in sadness and regret
We'll bide the day eternal coming on,
And feel God's blessing hover round us yet,
Though you are gone.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Dreaming of Summer

ALL the winther weary, I was wishin' it was over,
Longin' for the warm winds an' longin' for the
sun,
Longin' for the breakin' bud, the grasses an' the
clover,
Longin' for the brown sthreams that ripple as
they run!
Far away from Erin where the winther's mild an'
mellow —
Very little frost to bite, an' snow that doesn't
last, —
All the winther weary, sure, a poor ould feeble fellow
Dhreams of future summers an' of summers that
are past!

All the winther weary, I was wishin' it was ended —
Ah, to see the long days that gladden all the land!
Ah, to see the colors by the hand of nature blended —
Blue an' white an' em'rald, an' gold, on every
hand!
Far away from Erin where the spring's an early
comer

SONGS OF SUNRISE

(Even in the winther there you hear the robin's
song),
Sure, you can not wondher that I am dhreamin' of
the summer,
Here where winther is so cold, so dhreary, an' so
long!

All the winther weary, in the night-time an' the
daytime,
Sittin' here an' sighin' I've been longin' for the
spring,
Longin' in the lightness an' the brightness of the
Maytime
Just to dhrag myself abroad to hear the robins
sing!
Far away from Erin where the winther's mild and
mellow
(Seldom there the cold makes the singin' rivers
dumb).
What's a man to do when he's a poor ould feeble
fellow?
Only dhream of summers past an' summers yet
to come!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Am I Forgetful?

AM I forgetful of the patient love
Wherewith one heart has followed me and
blessed me —

When I have known how false may friendship prove,
When sorrow haunted me and pain distressed me?

Am I forgetful? How could I forget
The gentle soul yet strong who comfort gave?
Man's heart is like the wind in April — yet
Love-loyalty will last me to the grave!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The Testimony of Spring

I ASK no greater miracle
To prove a Godhead's kindly power
Than this: The little buds that swell
And break in living leaf and flower.

I walk the fields and woods of Spring,¹
And every tree becomes a proof
That He who set the world a-swing
Is busy still in man's behoof.

Each tiny, timid blade of green
That pushes upward from the sod,
Proclaims to me the creed serene
"There is a God! There is a God."

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The Sword of Hugh O'Neill¹

WHEN foreign hands had grasped the best
Of Ireland's ancient share,
And foreign heels upon her breast
Had ground their imprint there,
One voice for freedom bravely rang,
One sword of native steel
Like lightning from its scabbard sprang —
The sword of Hugh O'Neill!

One sword of native steel
Flashed forth for Ireland's weal,
The flashing sword, the slashing sword,
The sword of Hugh O'Neill!

Soon thronging 'round Tyr-Owen's chief
Tyr-Owen's clansmen came —
Who held their lands in foreign fief
Flung off the yoke in shame.

¹ Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone and Baron of Dungannon, the chief champion of Irish nationality in the sixteenth century, after many years of struggle with the government of Elizabeth, died an exile in Rome in 1608. His grave is in the church of San Pietro di Montorio.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

And soon Tyr-Connail's prince displayed
His father's fiery zeal,
And bared his own bright brand to aid
The sword of Hugh O'Neill.

Flashed forth for Ireland's weal
Red Hugh O'Donnell's steel,
A brother brand to help the hand
Of dauntless Hugh O'Neill!

O'More of Leix caught up the cry
And flung his standard out.
Would Breffni's prince, O'Rourke, stand by,
Nor heed that battle-shout?
Nay, every clan had wrongs to right
And every man could feel
That Ireland's soul was in the fight
Led on by Hugh O'Neill!

What man that could not feel,
Though death his fate should seal,
His stoutest blade must haste to aid
The sword of Hugh O'Neill!

And so from every mountain dun
The gallowglasses swarmed,
And many a well-fought field they won.
And many a town they stormed.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Till backward from the Yellow Ford
They saw the foemen reel,
And glory gleamed upon the sword
And standard of O'Neill!

The Red Hand of O'Neill,
His good broad sword of steel,
In glory's ray were bright that day
For Ireland and O'Neill!

But woe for him who bravely tried,
Who nobly fought and toiled! —
The great O'Neill in exile died,
His country sacked and spoiled.
Yet pray she will that God may still
Some future day reveal
Another Hugh as staunchly true
As fearless Hugh O'Neill!

Old Ireland's wounds to heal
God send her sons as leal,
God give her men to wield again
The sword of Hugh O'Neill!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The Irish

WHAT searching sound is that I hear
Above the city's roar?
Fling up the window wide, my boy,
And let me listen more.
What's that? My soul! I hear the roll
Of drums that throb and thrill:
The bugles' blare is on the air,
The fifes are sharp and shrill!
Hurray! Hurray! 'Tis Patrick's Day.
And all these fifes and drums
Are out to lead the grand parade
That round the corner comes!

The Irish — oh, the Irish! — sure they're out in
force to-day!
There must be twenty thousand men parading up
Broadway!
And, oh, the green that decks the scene! And oh,
the bands that play!
And, oh, the dreams of hills and streams in Ireland
far away!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Oh, help me to the window, boy,
Until these poor old eyes
Once more may see the flags I love
Uplifted to the skies!
Old Glory's there — 'tis you that's fair!
No flag on earth like you!
And by your side I see with pride
Old Ireland's banner too!
Oh, blessed sight, each standard bright
Goes on in sun and wind,
While, as of yore, the Celtic corps
Is marching close behind!

The Irish — oh, the Irish! — sure they're out in
force to-day!
Full twenty thousand, ay, and more, are marching
up Broadway!
The flags they bear are flags they'll dare to follow
to the fray —
But, oh, the thought, that comes unsought, of Ire-
land far away!

O modest maiden watching there
With looks so sweet and shy,
Say, can it be the dust that brings
A tear into your eye?

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Or may it be that through the glee
Of rhythmic drums that roll,
Some minor strain awakes the pain
Of exile in your soul?
But never fear, although the tear
Adown your face may creep,
Your Irish eyes like Irish skies
Can smile as well as weep!

The Irish — oh, the Irish! — sure they own the
town to-day,
With laughter on the lips of them, their grief they
won't display;
Their wit is bright, their words are light, who else
could be so gay?
But, oh, the tears for youthful years in Ireland far
away!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

A Song Out of Sorrow

OUT of my sorrow I'll make a song,
Out of my grief a joy I'll fashion,
Life at the longest is not o'er long,
Why should I waste it in self-compassion?
Better, far better, to sing than sigh,
'Neath the galling yoke and the scourging thong,
And so, uplifting my heart, I'll try
Out of my sorrow to make a song.

Out of my sorrow I'll make a song,
E'en though trouble has mauled and maimed me,
This my singing may make men strong
Long, long after the grave has claimed me.
This were something to leave behind,
Something to balance the years gone wrong,
Something to solace and serve my kind —
Out of my sorrow a deathless song!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The Christmas Candle

'TIS Christmas Eve; and so to-night
The Christmas candle let us light.
For, those who kept the faith of old
This custom quaint were wont to hold;
And who are we, aside to cast
The Christian customs of the past?
So let us gather, one and all,
And light the Christmas taper tall;
And star-like as it shines afar,
'Twill mind us of that other Star
That shone when first the Holy Child
Looked up in Mary's face and smiled.
Then let it burn, a symbol bright
Of faith and love, this blessed night.

And as we watch it, let us pray
To Him new-born on Christmas Day,
That we and ours may ever keep
Within our hearts, secure and deep
The faith our fathers hither brought,
The faith for which our heroes fought,
The faith that was our mothers' pride,

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The faith for which our martyrs died.
Yes, let us pray to hold unspoiled
The heritage for which they toiled.
And let us keep old customs dear,
And let us gather, year by year,
Around this light on Christmas Eve,
And voice a fervent : "I believe."

SONGS OF SUNRISE

With a Gift

OF things too dear
To be sung or spoken
This gift I send you
Is but a token, —

A simple token,
But with it goes
The tenderest wishes
My spirit knows.

The tenderest wishes,
The sweetest dreams,
With these, my dearest,
This token teems.

May I interpret,
As token true,
Should you take this gift
That you'll take me too?

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The Winter Weather

SING hey, the winter weather! sure to me 'tis
very dear, it is,
How bright and blue the sky, and oh, the air how
crisp and clear it is!
And even if a gloomy day be thrown in with the
best of it,
'Twill only make us like the more the good of all
the rest of it.

Sing hey, the winter weather; sing the tempest and
the snow of it,
The frozen ponds, the icy bonds, the combat and
the glow of it!
The summer, were it always here, we'd weary of
the trick of it;
'Tis winter comes and keeps us from the fate of grow-
ing sick of it.

O, happy are the summer days, for dreaming and
for pleasure made;
But winter is for working out the plans in summer
leisure made,

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The time for manly task and toil — so turn the
hand and mind to it,
Forgetting in your zeal there's any drudgery or
grind to it.

And winter is the time of home, the time when
hearts reveal themselves,
The time when at the fireside all in sweet accord may
feel themselves,
The time of friendly glances when the folks all get
together here —
So hey, sing hey for winter, that's the very best of
weather here!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Tower of Ivory

A GAINST the sullen seas, the dark'ning skies,
I see the lighthouse, fair as ivory, rise ;

A symbol, in a waste and wintry world,
Of that bright haven where, with sea-wings furled,

Its toilsome days of danger overpast,
The weary bark may safely lie at last.

So, too, amid a world of sin and storm,
I see, O Mother ! thy benignant form ;

And pray that all who sail life's troubled sea
May ever find, as I have found, in thee

A Tower of Ivory, a lamp to light
The dark horizon of the infinite.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Child Magic

"JOHNNY JONES his hoop is rolling
Up and down the walk;
Johnny Jones his hoop is rolling" —
This is grown-up talk.

Johnny no such thing is doing
(Surely he knows best);
Johnny is a knight pursuing
Some romantic quest.

Johnny's hoop 's a charger prancing
Where the fray is thick,
Johnny's sword is brightly glancing
(No, 'tis *not* a stick).

Here and there behold him dashing,
Riding down his foes,
Through their armored cohorts crashing
Gallantly he goes.

*Hoop, indeed ! Why, can't you see
These be days of chivalry ?*

SONGS OF SUNRISE

"Look at Johnny peeking, peering
From that poplar-tree!"
Not at all; he's buccaneering
Far away at sea.

With his crew the yards he's manning
Spite of swell or gale,
They the wide horizon scanning
For some Spanish sail.

This may be a tree to others,
But to them, avast!
Johnny and his sea-dog brothers
Know it for a mast.

And the green fields round about them
(Land to me and you)
Is to them — and who may doubt them? —
Oceans broad and blue.

*Ah, how blind we grown-ups be
Not to see what children see!*

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Leprechauns and Cluricauns

OVER where the Irish hedges
Are with blossoms white as snow,
Over where the limestone ledges
Through the soft green grasses show —
There the fairies may be seen
In their jackets red and green,
Leprechauns and cluricauns,
And other ones, I ween.

And, bedad, it is a wonder
To behold the way they act.
They're the lads that seldom blunder,
Wise and wary, that's the fact.
You may hold them with your eye;
Look away and off they fly;
Leprechauns and cluricauns,
Bedad, but they are sly!

They have heaps of golden treasure
Hid away within the ground,
Where they spend their days in leisure,
And where fairy joys abound;

SONGS OF SUNRISE'

But to mortals not a guinea
Will they give — no, not a penny.
Leprechauns and cluricauns,
Their gold is seldom found.

Maybe of a morning early
As you pass a lonely rath,
You may see a little curly-
Headed fairy in your path.
He'll be working at a shoe,
But he'll have his eye on you —
Leprechauns and cluricauns,
They know just what to do.

Visions of a life of riches
Surely will before you flash;
(You'll no longer dig the ditches,
You'll be well supplied with cash.)
And you'll seize the little man,
And you'll hold him — *if you can*;
Leprechauns and cluricauns,
'Tis they're the slipp'ry clan!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Fairy Friends

FAIRY fiddlers, lilting lightly,
You may hear them if you will
Close your ears and close them tightly
To the sound of mart and mill;
If you'll only pause and listen
Where the summer streamlets glisten,
You may hear the fairy music
In the laughing of the rill.

Fairy dancers, dancing featly,
You may see them if your eyes
Are not blinded too completely
By the shows that others prize.
From the grosser pleasures glancing,
Look and see the fairies dancing,
Dancing neatly, dancing featly,
'Neath enchanted starry skies.

Ah, our hearts are all too earthful,
Or we might forever know
Fairy dance and music mirthful,
Fairy beauty, fairy glow.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

In our youth the vision thrilled us
And with magic pleasure filled us,
And away from all the sweetness,
Ah, how sad it was to grow !

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Fairy Playmates

FORTY little fairy men
 Marching down the hill,
Marching in the moonlight,
 Stealthily and still;
Little spears a-glancing, ' ' ' ' ' ' ' '
 Little swords a-shine —
Ah, you little fairy men,
 I wish that you were mine!

I should like to have you
 All for myself,
I would make a place for you
 Here upon a shelf;
Or if you'd prefer to be
 From the house withdrawn,
You could pitch your little tents
 Out upon the lawn.

Fairy men are all alive
 Just like girls and boys;
They can run and they can jump,
 They are not like toys.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

They can answer when you speak,
They can hear and mind,
They are not like other things
That you have to wind !

Forty little fairy men —
When the house is still,
I can see them marching,
Marching down the hill.
I have toys a-plenty
Up-stairs and down,
But I'd rather fairy men
Than all the toys in town !

SONGS OF SUNRISE

At Christmas

NOW at this season, dear, of Love Divine,
I should be silent on this love of mine.

Yet am I fain a few sweet words to say,
Just for yourself, this coming Christmas Day.

For it is you alone who know my heart —
Who know the secret of its inmost part.

Therefore, O love, O dearest love of mine,
Here is my song, a symbol and a sign,

Telling my faithfulness through all those years,
Telling my love o'ercoming hosts of fears,

Telling my hope of dreams that may come true
At some sweet Christmas time for me and you!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

An Ancient Irish Well

WHEN the cruel sun is glaring on the city's
walls and ways,
And the stricken land is staring blankly upward in
the blaze;
When the parching plants are drooping and the
thirsty birds are still,
And the faithful cattle, stooping, stagger on with
weakened will;
When there's nothing sweet or cheery in the voices
of the street,
When the head and heart are weary of the struggle
and the heat,
Then my thoughts are backward going to a cool
sequestered dell
Where a lispng stream is flowing from an ancient
well!

Then indeed my mind retraces many a mile of
spreading foam,
And I see in dreams the places once I used to know
at home —

SONGS OF SUNRISE

See again the sloping meadows and the cool dark
woods afar,

Rest again within the shadows where the whortle-
berries are,

Hear again the gentle crooning of the waters as they
flow

(Like a fairy minstrel tuning in the days of long ago),
And I stoop my forehead blindly and my parching
lips that swell

For a draught long, cool, and kindly, from that
ancient Irish well.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

A Little While

THE darkest hour the winter sends
Can never quench or cloud the thought
That summer days, like smiling friends,
Are hast'ning hither, favor-fraught ;
That, howsoe'er the snow may drift
On windy mountain, moor and fen,
A little while, and flowers will lift
Their faces to the light again.

A little while, — a little while !
What comfort in the thought we find
When life itself has ceased to smile,
When all the world has proved unkind !
A little while of grief and gloom,
A little while of sorrow's sting,
And then — the fadeless flow'rs that bloom
For us in some eternal spring !

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Mother Love

OH, fair are the treasures of nature,
And fair the treasures of art —
By the sculptor beautiful things are wrought
In the stone from the mountain's heart;
And beautiful are the paintings
That hang on the rich man's wall,
But the face of her babe to the mother
Is fairer than them all!

Oh, the soldier he loveth glory,
And the miser he loveth gold,
And the fair green isles are clasped and loved
By the waves of the ocean old;
The youth to the maiden giveth
The love that is first and best,
But the mother's heart goes out in love
To the babe upon her breast.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

October's Queen

WHEN the grass was springing,
 When the fields were gay,
When the winds were singing
 All the happy day, —
Then we gathered 'round thee,
Mother dear, and crown'd thee
With the brightest blossoms
 Of the meads of May.

Now that winds are grieving
 Over summer dead,
All the woodlands reaving
 Of their riches red, —
Once again we're kneeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Twining other garlands
 For thy holy head.

Rosy crowns we wrought thee
 In thy month of flow'rs,
Rosy crowns we brought thee
 From the Maytime bow'rs.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

But when roses fail us,
Rosaries avail us ;
'Tis with these we crown thee
In October hours.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The Wise Men

LED by one star's mysterious, moving flame
O'er hill and vale, o'er desert, moor and fen,
From out the dim, rich, Eastern lands they came
In kingly majesty, the Three Wise Men.

All things they left when they, athwart the sky,
Beheld the beckoning beam that planet shed,
All princely pleasures they at once put by
To seek the Saviour, wheresoe'er it led.

Haply there stood full oft beside the way
The worldly-wise who mocked their holy quest,
But they, unheeding what the world might say,
Following the star, still ever onward pressed.

Until their faith at last received reward,
And He they sought revealed Himself to them,
When bowing low their Saviour they adored
Within the stable walls of Bethlehem !

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Head and Heart

THE work accomplished by the head,
You can't deny (my grand-dad said);

Not much a fellow may effect
Who doesn't use his intellect.

But let him not forget the part
In life allotted to the heart.

High places in the world are found
By those whose heads are strong and sound;

Great deeds by such as these are done,
Great glittering prizes earned and won.

But, mark my words, the richest prize
Should never blind a fellow's eyes

To truth, to kindness, to the sight
Of other strugglers toward the light.

The man who uses just his head
May be too shrewd (my grand-dad said).

SONGS OF SUNRISE

May gain the world but lose his hold
On things that can't be won by gold,

The head is strong, the head is wise,
Without its use you can not rise,

Without its use (my grand-dad said),
I guess you might as well be dead.

So go, and do the best you can,
But don't forget your fellow-man,

And in the street or chaff'ring mart
Remember still to use your heart.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Gaelic Farewell to Sorrow

SORRA — bad scan to yeh !
Back o' me han' to yeh !
Wairy I am of your head hangin' down !
Let me have done wud yeh,
Sure, there's no fun wud yeh —
Off and begone wud yerself an' yer frown !

Sorra — bad cess to yeh !
That an' no less to yeh !
Off wud yeh ! Leave me, I'm sick o' yer groans !
Throth, 'tis a curse yeh are,
Every day worse yeh are,
Sad as a hearse rowling over the stones.

Sorra — bad wind to yeh !
Aye, an' bad ind to yeh !
I've been a frind to yeh oft in the past,
But yeh've so saddened me,
Moidhered an' maddened me,
I am compelled to evict yeh at last !

SONGS OF SUNRISE }

Sorra — bad luck to yeh !
Long have I stuck to yeh !
Long, aye, too long, yeh have housed in me heart !
But I'm desirin' now,
You'll be retirin' now,
Off with yeh, Sorra, I'm glad we must part !

SONGS OF SUNRISE

St. Patrick and King Darry

SAINTE PATHRICK was bitther enough
With thim ould pagan dhruids an' princes;
An' faith, if they gave him much guff,
He could soon bring thim lads to their sinses.
But Pathrick was kind to the poor —
He'd go hungry an' dhry for their sakes —
Och, he loved every crature, I'm sure,
Always barrin' the snakes!

Yes, he loved every one, young an' ould, —
The hares an' the deer an' the rabbits. —
An' he'd love even serpents, I'm tould,
If they hadn't such horrible habits.
The birds an' the bastes of the wood,
No matter how timid an' wild,
Faith, they didn't fear Pathrick the Good
Any more nor a child.

One day, by King Darry, the Saint
A fine piece of counthry was granted,
An' along with the monarch he went,
To look at the land so much wanted.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

When what should they see but a doe
Lyin' there in the midst of the bawn,
Her eyes with affection aglow
Lookin' down on her fawn.

With that the hot blood of the King
Boiled up with the deer-hunter's passion;
His javelin he lifted to fling,
In the most approved blood-letting fashion;
But the Saint laid a grip on his hand,
And boldly commanded him: "No.
Your Majesty, this is my land,
And deer-hunting don't go!"

Then he tenderly raised the young deer,
An' coaxed back the shiverin' mother,
Whose dark eyes, dilated with fear,
Were lookin' from one to the other.
An' thin to King Darry he said:
"For an abbey you gave me this place;
I'll make it a shelter instead
For all deer from the chase!"

Thus Pathrick outwitted the King,
The chief of thim ould pagan princes,
An' faith, 'tis himself that could bring
With his curse thim same lads to their sinses.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The King whin he found he was sould
Was so mad his fri'nds thought he would burst,
But he kept very quiet I'm tould,
For he feared he'd be curst!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Paddy and the Parson

There are many stories in Ireland illustrating the zeal of certain members of the church "as by law established" to make converts from among the Irish peasantry, who, it need hardly be said, were and are steadfast adherents of their own Church. Many of these stories are intensely pathetic, showing the struggle of a much-tempted people to cling to their old faith; others furnish amusing examples of the deftness with which an Irishman can get out of a difficulty. Here I have simply put into rhyme a story well-known in Ireland.

SAYS the Parson to Paddy: "Your cow is a bad-looking beast.

What makes her so scrawny and thin?"

Replied Paddy: "No wondher! The crathur gets hardly a taste;

Sure my land here is not worth a pin.

This place I pay rint for is nothin' but mountain an' bog,

An' the grass is both scanty and poor;

Ah, but if I had only the good grass to give her, begog,

She'd be as fat as your own, I am sure."

Says the Parson: "Well, Pat, you may send your cow up to my farm,

SONGS OF SUNRISE

And there let her eat to her fill;
And all that I'll ask for her grazing won't do you
much harm —

In fact, 'tis to help you it will.
Just come to my service next Sunday — ah, don't
be a slave

To Father Maguire and his Mass! —
Come and hear me expounding the Bible; your
soul it may save,
And remember — your cow's on my grass."

Well, up went the cow to the minister's farm. And
then

Came Sunday to puzzle poor Pat.
Oh, he went to his usual Mass with the rest of the
men,

Faith, he thought he'd be sure about that.
But then as the day wore along and he thought of
his "baste"

He didn't know just what to do.
"Arrah, sure, his ould sermon," says he, "won't
hurt me in the laste" —
So he went to the Parson's church, too.

But of Pat's double-dealing on Monday the minister
heard,
And hastened to take him to task.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

"Ah, Paddy, you villain," says he, "you have
broken your word !

What's the meaning of this, may I ask ?"

But Pat was demure though his eye gave a comical
roll,

As he made this remark with a bow :

"Your honor, I wint to *my* church for the good of
my soul,

An' to *yours* for the good of my cow !"

SONGS OF SUNRISE

A Continued Story

WHATE'ER opinions some parade
And preach with loud insistence,
I can't believe that man was made
For just this brief existence.
We might indeed bewail our birth
If this is what it all meant,
But I have faith this life on earth
Is just the first instalment.

Must we believe this life of man
With all its hints of glory
Is, bounded by an earthly span,
A sort of lame short story?
Ah, no, — a grander fate is his,
It shines from many a text,
Man's life a serial story is —
Continued in our next.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Summer Dreams

IF I had my wish today
I would soon be far away
From the burden and the yoke,
From the smother and the smoke,
From the fever and the fret,
From the hurry and the sweat,
From the fiery furnace heat
Of the crowded city street.

Oh, I know a place full well
Where the gods of silence dwell,
Where contentment keeps her school
In the shadows deep and cool;
Where the water-spiders glide
O'er the softly-flowing tide;
Where the robin stops to sing;
Where the swallow wets his wing;
Where the willows lean and look
In the mirror of the brook.

If I had my wish — if I
From the town today could fly,

SONGS OF SUNRISE

That's the place I'd like to see,
In that place I'd like to be.

But I would not go alone
To that place so dearly known.
Nay, sweetheart, were you not there
'Twould be neither sweet nor fair.
Dearer far the city street
Than the restfullest retreat,
If the beauty of its skies
Were not mirrored in your eyes;
If beside its waters blue
Long I looked but found not you!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Bird and Bard

OH, bless the bird that sings with glee
When morn the sky is gilding,
That sings with glee though busy he
For wife and babies building ;
A father's load he bravely bears,
With mouths to feed a-many,
Yet sings as if, with all his cares,
He had no trace of any !

Oh, bless the bard who sings of hope,
We list his songs with pleasure ;
He gives us strength with care to cope,
His lays we love and treasure.
And though he knows of life the stings
More keenly than his brothers,
He lifts his voice and nobly sings
To cheer the hearts of others !

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Shakespeare's Limitations and Ours

WHEN Shakespeare wrote his plays and things
He had no rhyming dictionary,
And no thesaurus lent him wings
By helping him his words to vary;
No ready reference books he had,
All nicely filled with apt quotations —
I grant his work is not so bad
Considering those limitations.

When William Shakespeare wrote his verse
His gray goose quill was apt to linger,
He had no fountain pen — and worse,
No type machine he had, to finger.
These things had been a precious boon
To him had he but known about them,
But William lived a while too soon,
Alas, he had to do without them!

Today we've every kind of aid
To make the art of writing easy;
We've books of every kind and grade
To help to make our fancy breezy.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

On prose and verse both night and day,
The type machines go clicking, clacking —
Yet Shakespeare beats us still, they say,
I wonder what the deuce we're lacking?

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Not "Can't" but "Will"

"CAN'T!" "Can't!" "Can't!" The world is
weary of the word —

Sounds exactly like the croak of some ill-omened
bird —

Better far to say "I can!" "I can!" But, better
still,

Let a fellow face the world and say "I will!" "I
will!"

"Can't!" "Can't!" "Can't!" I wish we'd never
hear again

That distressing syllable that spoils the plans of
men.

Steals the courage from their hearts before the
fight's begun,

Makes them shirk the struggle that, once in, they
might have won.

"Can't!" "Can't!" "Can't!" Oh, let us drop
it from our speech;

'Tis a word that puts the goal, success, beyond our
reach;

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Let no thought of failure enter in our faith to kill,
Let us drop this "can't" and use the words "I will!"
"I will!"

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Average Americans

OH, we are but average fellows,
Who lead the most commonplace lives,
Our names never stare from the "yellows,"
We never steal other men's wives;
We're never caught cutting the capers
Of those on Society's list,
We furnish no scares for the papers —
We're men the reporters have missed.

Nor wealthy, nor wild, nor romantic,
Our lot on the level is cast,
We never drive silly maids frantic
To trace our mysterious past;
The tenderloin doesn't adore us,
We're neither be-curst nor be-kist,
We couldn't tell one in the chorus,
We're men the reporters have missed.

It may be we bow to the fashion
In owning an auto — what then?
We are not possessed of the passion
For running down babies or men,

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The killing of gentle old ladies
Amuses us not, we insist ;
But then we're not headed for Hades, \
We're men the reporters have missed.

Yes, we are but commonplace fellows,
And ours is the average lot ;
Our lives don't appeal to the "yellows,"
We furnish no columns of "rot" ;
And yet, gentle reader, don't blame us,
'Twere better like this to exist
Than shine with the foolishly famous —
We're men the reporters have missed.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The Tipperary-man

WALKING out when work was done,
A somewhat sad and weary man,
Suddenly I chanced to run
Across a Tipperary-man.

Just as suddenly my fears
And broodings, dark and tragic too,
All my trials and my tears
Left me, and like magic too.

For his eyes so bright and blue
Were beaming with good nature O,
And such mirth as ne'er I knew
Shone from every feature O!

Till I felt that he must be
Own cousin to a fairy-man,
Such sorcery he wrought in me
This genial Tipperary-man!

There be pleasant men from Clare,
And pleasant men from Kerry, too,

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Cork and Limerick and Kildare
Antrim, Down and Derry too.

Every spot of Ireland's ground,
Every town and county O,
There may sunny men be found
Heirs of Ireland's bounty O!

East and west and south and north,
Send abroad their noted men.
Men of wit and men of worth,
Quaint and often-quoted men.

All apostles of the day,
Missioners of cheerfulness,
Enemies of grieving gray,
Banishers of tearfulness.

But if e'er again I pine
A silent, sad and weary man,
May this blessed boon be mine —
To meet a Tipperary-man!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The Troubadour

HE sang of olden Spain — the song
Came upward from the street below,
And bore in every tone a throng
Of golden dreams of long ago;
And all the dead and gone romance
Of that old land beyond the sea
Came back to capture and entrance
My spirit with its witchery.

He sang of olden Spain — there moved
Before my gaze the warrior men
Of fair Castile, whose prowess proved
The downfall of the Saracen;
With swords of steel and souls of fire,
Their banners blowing in the wind,
Rode onward many a knight and squire
Across the mirror of my mind.

He sang of olden Spain — the land
With glorious gonfalon unfurled,
The shadow of whose mailed hand
Struck terror into half the world;

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The magic of whose name was known
To strange, wild people over seas,
The echo of whose fame was blown
In all men's ears by every breeze.

He sang of olden Spain — I heard
A fountain musically fall,
A wand'ring wind went by and stirred
A rose-tree trained against a wall;
A tinkling lute with voices blent
Went o'er and o'er a lover's rhyme,
The while a convent belfry sent
Across the land the vesper chime.

He sang of olden Spain — and ceased.
My dreaming ended there and then,
My spirit from its spell released
Came back to consciousness again.
The present, commonplace and plain,
Effaced the splendor and romance
Evoked by that Castilian strain
A strolling singer sang by chance.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The Last Fight

I'VE had my days of dark defeat,
I've had my hours of vain regret,
Now must I brace my soul to meet
A darker shadow yet.

Surrender or retreat no more
Can save me from what must befall,
For now I face as ne'er before
The fiercest foe of all.

Where drums conjure men to be brave
'Twere hard enough to face the fight,
But, God, what courage one must have
Alone, and in the night!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Little Norry Sullivan

LITTLE Norry Sullivan, she's gone to join the
nuns —

Ain't it sthrange the convent often gets the wildest
ones?

Making fun an' frolickin' you'll see them here to-
day,

Look around to-morrow, an' bedad, they're gone
away.

Gone away to be a nun,

Gone away from all the fun,

Faith, 'tis queer an' sthrange it is, *a chara*, as you
say.

Sure, 'twas she was just like that — a wilder never
stept!

Do you mind how fast she ran, how fearlessly she
leapt?

Everything her brothers did, 'twas she could do the
same,

(As for quiet Kevin, sure, she put the lad to shame).

Out she was from morn till night,

Playin' ball was her delight, —

SONGS OF SUNRISE'

Norry's side was sure to win when she was in the
game.

Man alive, but 'twas herself that was the lively lass,
Hardly could keep still while Father Toole was say-
ing Mass.

Thrying hard to keep her mind upon her little book,
But the open window oft would lure her longing
look.

Then you'd know her mind had slipped
From her prayin' an' had skipped
Out among the meadows in the softly-growin' grass.

Sure, it seems like yestherday I saw her up an' down,
Runnin' like a redshank through the sthreets o'
Carrick town,
Double-knockin' people's doors, an' ringin' people's
bells,
Makin' people nervous with her screeches an' her
yells.

But — she's all grown up to-day
An' she's left an' gone away,
Gone to be a Sisther in the convent down at Kells.

Wondher what came over her ! Ah, sure, 'tis hard
to know ;

All that I can say is, no one wanted her to go.
Naither of her parents liked the step she took at all,

SONGS OF SUNRISE

An' there was one boy who felt that he'd just like
to bawl.

But 'twas Norry didn't mind ;

All their talk was only wind ;

Said she had it in her heart, and that she must obey
the call !

Little Norry Sullivan, God mark your soul to grace !
Here's my blessin' on your heart an' on your happy
face,

Here's my blessin' on your work an' on your prayin'
too,

On whatever task the Lord may give your hand to
do !

An' whatever be His will,

May your heart be merry still,

Little Norry Sullivan, sure, that's my wish for you !

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Love's Joy and Grief

LOVE lifts us to the height of the immortals,
Love gives us sight until we almost see
The bliss that hides behind the shining portals
Of God's eternity!

Ah, yes, Love's joy is sweet beyond believing;
And blest is he whose life has felt its power;
But what of him whose heart has known the griev-
ing
Of Love's sad hour!

SONGS OF SUNRISE

The Wearing of the Blue¹

AH, Paddy dear, an' did ye hear
The news that's gone abroad?
The blue is Ireland's color — sure,
The green is all a fraud.
No man St. Patrick's day can keep
The way he used to do,
'Tis now declared instead of green
We all must wear the blue!

Oh, I met with Napper Tandy —
An' he says to me: "Asthore,
What big bosthoons we all have been
This hundred years or more!
What fools we've been to shed our blood
For flags of verdant hue,
When all the while our rightful flag
Was never green, but blue!"

¹ Some years ago, in reply to a query by a correspondent, the *New York Sun* said that blue and not green was the real national color of Ireland. Whereupon Mr. McCarthy wrote these lines which were published in the *Sun*.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

'Twas bad enough to have to wear
Old England's cruel red,
But now we have to change again,
An' wear the blue instead.
So pluck the shamrock from your hat
'Tis false instead of true,
An' wear no shamrock after this, —
Unless the same be blue!

Oh, I met with Napper Tandy,
An' he said: "It can't be — no!"
"Yet if you see it in the *Sun*,"
Says I, "it must be so."
He sighed and answered: "Surely this
Is hard on me an' you.
How can we ever change our tune
To 'The Wearin' of the Blue'?"

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Love and War

MUST Love be silent when the brazen tongue
Of war's loud tocsin fills the land with dread?
When flaunting war-flags to the winds are flung,
And hearts grow sick with sorrow for the dead?

When harsh and sullen the imperious drum
Commands our country's long repose to cease,
Must Love be silent, must the lips be dumb
That erewhile sang his songs in perfect peace?

Ah, not for peace alone love here exists,
Nor are his songs made only for delight,
Love enters, too, the nations' bloody lists
To fire the hearts and nerve the arms that fight.

The awful clamor of the days of strife
New strength and meaning to his songs impart,
And thus is Love through all the ways of life
The chosen minstrel of the human heart.

SONGS OF SUNRISE

To be Kind

IT is hardly worth while to be anything else but
kind, —

There are sinners around us, 'tis true, but how often
we find

That the bad would not be half so bad if they were
not so blind !

It is hardly worth while to be anything else but
just,

For today or tomorrow we die, and our bodies are
dust,

And the millionaire lies with the beggar who craved
for a crust.

It is hardly worth while to be anything else but
good, —

It is meet that we follow the Master the way that
we should,

It is meet that we love Him and serve Him the way
that He would.

To be honest and pure, to be faithful and brave and
resigned —

SONGS OF SUNRISE

Is the standard He sets for a heart and a soul and
mind,
And always and aye to the end, to be kind — to be
kind !

SONGS OF SUNRISE

If it Doesn't Ring True

IF it doesn't ring true —
Then there's nothing to do
But to tear up your poem and start on another;
If it isn't sincere
There is reason to fear
That it never will reach to the heart of a brother.
And no matter how fine
Every phrase, every line,
And no matter how clever each word seems to you,
An essential 'twill miss,
If it's lacking in this,
And 'twill fail in its work if it doesn't ring true.

If it doesn't ring true —
Then there's nothing for you
But return to your toil with persistence and passion;
If it fails in this test
Then you've failed of your best,
And there's nothing to do but a better to fashion.
For your verse is a bell —
If you wish it to swell

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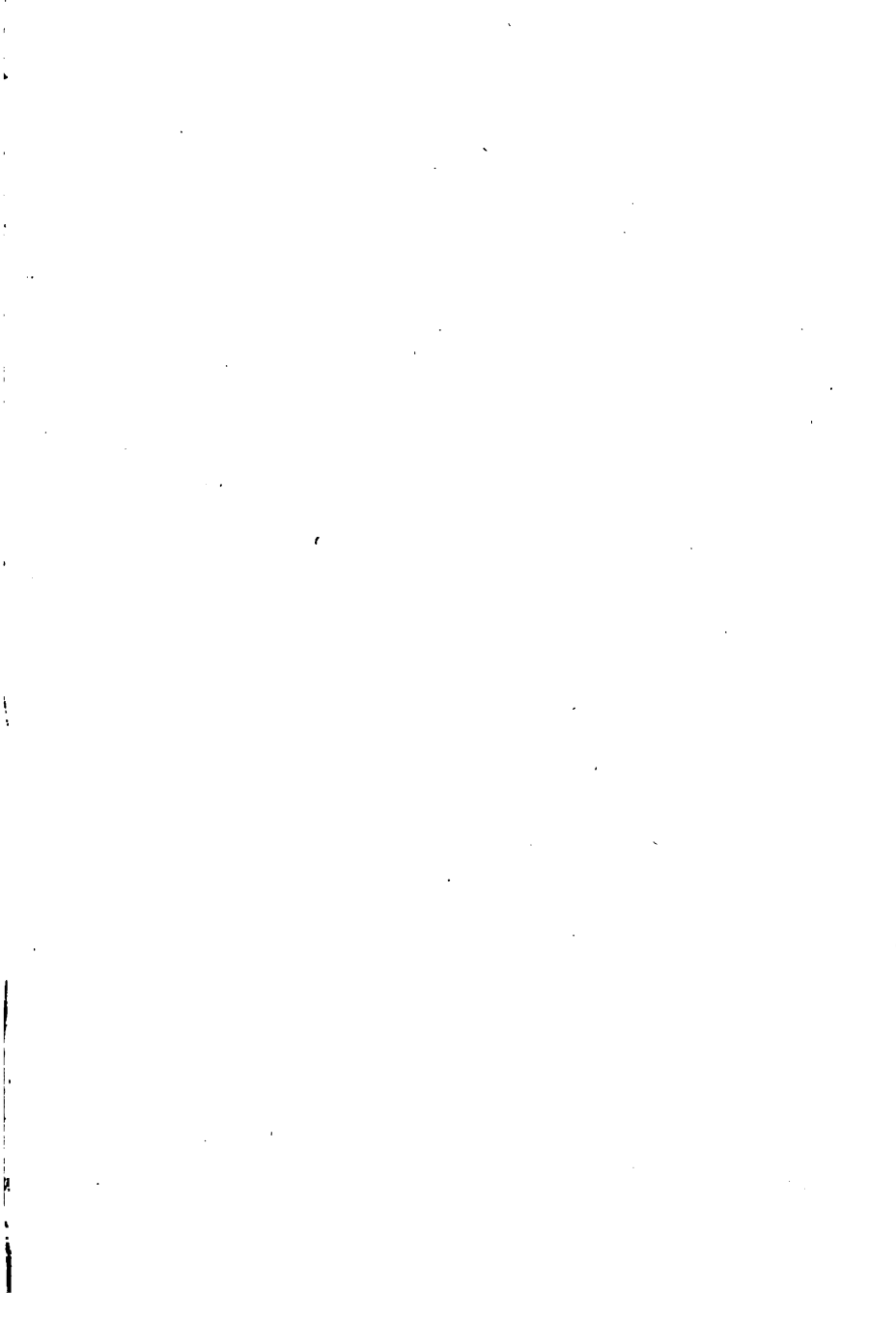
SONGS OF SUNRISE

With a message to men of a mission to do.

In its molding beware,

Of its casting take care,

For the crown of your craft is to make it ring true !



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